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Integrity

inner resources



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editorial

We have been thinking of this issue on inner resources for a long period of time. The first suggestion of it came sometime ago when we made mental note of the fact that the more educated, the more "intellectual" people seemed to be, the more difficulty they seemed to find in spending time alone. The educated woman who married and started keeping house complained that she was utterly bored, for she couldn't listen to the soap operas that kept her ignorant sisters pacified, so what was she to do? "I have nothing to think about."

So we pondered: shouldn't education have given her and others like her something to think about? Are plays that are attended, books that are read, music that is listened to, aesthetic experiences in general, merely something to be dissected verbally, criticized lengthily, and used to stimulate conversation with others? Are they not supposed to have an intangible but nonetheless lasting, indelible effect on oneself?

It seems that many people who would scorn studying simply for a degree still acquire education for its external effect—perhaps not for its purely monetary value, but for its social, companionable value. Or, at least, whether intended or not, that seems to be the result. One is well-read and keeps the conversational ball bouncing; one can make endless, apt quotations; one has an opinion on Dylan Thomas and can take either side with ease if there is a debate on the Catholicity of Graham Greene. So what? These are all goods to be displayed—but what have they made of the good that is oneself? Do all these help when one is alone? Do they deepen, sharpen one's thought, or even give one something to think about? Do they give significance to the ordinary duties one performs? Give a heightened awareness of the reality behind the trivialities of every day? (The breeze rustling the paper, the child's light laughter.) The woman who has studied as literature the Bible or Dante, Bernanos or Chaucer—shouldn't she somehow see the symbolism of the objects that are involved in her housewifeliness—of bread and meat, water and soap—more than her less educated neighbor? And if she doesn't, if she cannot, why?

This issue is not, however, a criticism of modern education. *Integrity* has had previous issues on education and will probably have others. But in this issue (while some of our writers do indirectly touch on formal education) we are concerned with other things. "Inner resources" is rather an expressionless conjunction of words for the reality we are trying to convey; yet try as we would we could not think of a more exact, meaningful title for this issue. For "interior life" would

suggest to Catholic readers the supernatural life, that life of grace we try to foster, and that is not our direct concern here. (In this issue it is not our *first* concern, although of course as Christians it remains our prime concern.)

Perhaps we can demonstrate what we mean by "inner resources" by giving examples of people who possessed them: the Englishwoman who kept a diary, which was later published, of her fruitful, externally uneventful days in a quiet bit of countryside during the war; the RAF man who wrote of his year in solitary in a Nazi prison—of what he thought and how he grew within. These people appear to have been rich in inner resources. To a Catholic the prospect of leading an inner life, of giving oneself to fruitful, meditative thought not directly religious, without direct spiritual helps, may seem almost impossible. How could anyone spend a profitable year in solitary without the direct intervention of God swooping one up to seventh heaven!

And yet isn't it possible that the neglecting to acquire natural inner resources and the lack of cultivation of quiet pondering, of meaningful "aloneness," are at least partially responsible for keeping many Catholics back from advancing in the spiritual life, in the life of prayer? We recognize and credit activity. We recognize and credit prayer. But how does one cross the bridge from the exteriority of action to the interiority of meditation unless there is a deliberate effort to learn to live within? Even the graces of contemplation that are beyond any human effort usually presuppose a personality that is already conditioned to them. The acquiring of a contemplative spirit won't inevitably make one a contemplative; nonetheless God has a hard time being heard by the soul who has never made the effort to shut his doors and look within.



Anne Fremantle

solitude

*The tantalizing, complex subject of solitude
is treated by Mrs. Fremantle
whose most recent book is the Age of Belief.*

O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo! O blessed solitude! O sole blessedness! cried the medieval monk. A Catholic satirist of today, Evelyn Waugh, has said that America's destiny was silence, since its need of it was so paramount. Silence and solitude have always gone hand in hand, in spite of the fact that the ceaseless interior chatter, or monologue, or stream of consciousness, is much noisier and more apparent when a person is alone.

Solitude hitherto had always been considered a basic human necessity, like sleep, food, shelter, evacuation, sex or covering (covering and not clothing, for in hot countries where clothing is unnecessary, covering still is essential against insects or the sun). Until now. Now in the United States it is thought desirable for a person to be companioned at all hours from the cradle to the grave. The child that wishes to be alone, even when defecating, is considered abnormal and maladjusted; the adult who wishes to turn off the radio while driving or to be by himself indoors or out, at any time, is regarded in terms of "value-judgments," as being egocentric or socially inhibited. Even in the anguish of great loss, the sufferer must never, under any circumstances,

be left alone for an instant—indeed, the supposition seems to be that anyone left to himself for more than five minutes at any time will take the opportunity to commit suicide.

Yet never were people so lonely.

Why this dichotomy?

Perhaps, first, should be asked, what is solitude *for*? And what is it *from*? What *for*—for many things. To plan a murder, to mourn a sin; to count ill-gotten gains, or to take spiritual stock; to evaluate guilt, or to count blessings. To lick wounds, or to sulk. And solitude is also *from* many things; from one's neighbors, as was Thoreau's, or for them, as was St. Bruno's in the Alpine fastnesses of the Grande Chartreuse. It may be forced upon one, as in solitary confinement; or self-sought, as by hermits. And solitude may be temporary or permanent; that of the recluse days dead in the Ramapos, or of Anne Morrow Lindbergh seeking her shells on the seashore for a blessed fortnight. Solitude can be an escape, from household chores or paying taxes, or it can be a bridge assayed, from a man to himself, from a man to his Maker.

Why is it a good thing? Or is it, indeed, since man is a social animal, and cannot, says Aristotle, live alone unless he be a beast or a god? Perhaps it is a good thing just because man is both beast and god, this "donkey that bears the Lord" as Jacques Maritain described himself. And perhaps this beast-god must be given air, room to breathe; or, if it stifles, the social animal, siamese-twinning to it will suffocate too, and there will not be two living parts but one dead man.

"Talent is built in quiet; character in the world's storm," wrote Goethe, and, even as action and contemplation, working and resting, waking and sleeping, have always been simultaneous manifestations of the *ying* and *yang*, the *eros* and *agape*, the duality that pendulums life itself; the cognates breathe in, breathe out, so solitude has always been the necessary pendant, the essential obverse of sharing. In solitude the batteries, nervous, intellectual, emotional, physical, spiritual, are recharged, and solitude is a respite, however brief, from the daily devouring by which human beings consume each other, fight each other, eat each other.

the solitary

Who was solitary? All the saints, some permanently, some spasmodically. Who *are* solitary? Not only the mystics and ascetics of all

faiths, from fakirs to Friends; not only the concentrated, whether on crime, on themselves, on others or on God. But also all the higher executives, in whatever business or profession. It is only the lower echelons who are herded. Indeed, the higher the fewer, and a room of one's own is as much a sign of having arrived in business or publishing or in an embassy as in a college or an army camp. At Eton, every boy has his own room, and is expected to spend some time alone in it daily. At Gordonstoun, Kurt Hahn's experimental school in Scotland where Queen Elizabeth II's husband was educated, every boy has to spend at least one hour a day entirely alone. For most men, the worst thing about military service or a hospital ward is the lack of privacy; even tiny babies, as well as small children, sleep better alone, and prefer to do so.

"Why should we honor those that die upon the field of battle" asked the poet W. B. Yeats, "a man may show as reckless a courage in entering into the abyss of himself." And Christopher Fry, another poet, noted that "no man is free who will not dare to pursue the questions of his own loneliness. It is through them that he lives." And he adds that solitude can, and should, for each man be an "exercise in liberty."

For that is perhaps its first function; it is a place and a state where one can peel off, slough off, the extraneous, the impedimental. So, five times a day, on a six by three foot rug that symbolizes all the earth to which he has any right, a Muslim surrenders himself to "Allah, Lord of the Worlds, to Whom is the return." So, even in a crowded office, the mind can be uncoupled, the current switched off, the light that links and binds and blinds can be turned off, and in the divine dark the "flight of the alone to the Alone" can be envisaged, if not attempted.

negative solitude

But such crumbs of solitude are hardly nourishing, and may be dangerous—they may go down the wrong way, and may lead to a smug hypocrisy. Such solitude may be as often profaned as is the worship of those who, like Voltaire, boast that they prefer "the light of Your sun" to that of their own candles. For, all too often such boasters roll over in said sunlight, and doze. So too the office solitary becomes vapid, vacuous. Woe, warns the Gospel, to those who sweep one devil from their room; seven will come to crowd the clean chamber. So the mere emptying out of thought, though a salutary exercise, will not provide

sufficient solitude. Nor will the emptiest room, if the solitary is deafened by the pounding thunder of his or her own negative emotions. The child made to stay alone as a punishment churns over the horrible injustice done to it by its elders; solitude directly applied to passion can only produce dangerous chills, like a cold drink taken by horse or man when lathered. Solitude must be gone down into gradually, as into an icy water; splash in first, get wet before diving.

The child that whines: "I've got no one to play with," or "I've got nothing to do" must learn delight in solitude from his elder's joyous example: "I've got a whole hour, or a whole day, how heavenly." If a child sees only a bustling parent, hiding from himself in his own inky, octopus flatulence, always finding ways to pass the time or to help kill time, be it by scrabble or television or golf or gossip, the child, too, will dribble away like a leaking faucet all of himself except the superficial.

One of the greatest passages in all literature is in Josephus' history of the Jews, where he describes the excited Romans, having conquered Jerusalem, finally tearing through the veil of the Temple, and dashing into the Holy of Holies, hoping to find—who knows what? Idols of gold and rubies, some tremendous Presence?—But all they found were "vana et inania arcana." Bare walls and an empty room. And because that is all there is to find, solitude is requisite and necessary, "as well for the body as the soul."

"They that seek gods come to their gods, but they that seek Me come to Me," Krishna tells Arjuna in the Bhagavad-Gita hundreds of years before the Christian era, and in the even older Tsang-tsao there is a tale of how Knowledge was traveling in the North, toward the country of the Cloudy Waters, and was climbing the mountain Steep Secret. By chance he met Silent Inaction. Knowledge asked "What should one have in mind, what should one think, to know Tao? What way should one take in order to arrive at Tao?" Knowledge asked these questions three times, but Silent Inaction did not reply. He did not intentionally refuse to answer, he just did not know what to answer. Knowledge gave up, and travelled to the South to the Land of Clear Waters. Here he climbed the mountain of Doubts End. He met Scatterbrain, and asked him the same questions as he had asked Silent Inaction. Scatterbrain said, "Oh, I know, I will tell you." But, just as he began to speak, he forgot what he was going to say, and Knowledge could get nothing out of him. So Knowledge went on until he came to the Imperial Palace, and there he asked Hoang-ti, the Lord

of the Yellow Land. Hoang-ti replied, "To have nothing in the mind, to think nothing, thus one knows Tao. To do nothing and to prevent nothing, thus one rests in Tao. To have no point of departure and to take no heed, thus one attains Tao." Knowledge said to Hoang-ti, "We two know this. The other two do not know this. Which of us is right?" Hoang-ti replied, "Silent Inaction is absolutely right, Scatterbrain is hard on his heels; as for us, we are a thousand miles away."

Knowledge asked, "How come?" Hoang-ti replied, "Silent Inaction is right because he does not know. Scatterbrain is nearly right, because he has forgotten. As for us we are a thousand miles away because we know."

Scatterbrain learned of this reply; he sneezed, and thought Hoang-ti spoke sense.

Tao means the Way, and there is a key pun about it in Chinese: *Wei wu wei*: to act without action, and that is the best fruit of solitude and grows only in its shade. "To be still and know that I am God" is perhaps the best Western translation; thirty spokes has a wheel, but what makes it a wheel is the space between the spokes, wrote Lao Tzu.

And so, practically, we must plan space for solitude, whether we find it in the meshes of our A & P basket, or between telephone calls and the dictaphone. But if it is *not* found, we are lost. *Silent creature; silentium nostrum Christus*. Let all creatures be silent; our silence is Christ.



a letter to mary agnes

*Mrs. Sheehan writes to her small daughter
of the "quiet place" she hopes to make within her.*

Dear Mary Agnes,

You asked me to write you a story about Mozart. Instead, I'm writing you this letter. You can't even read it yet. You wouldn't understand it if you could read. If you happened to look over my shoulder now, your eyes, barely used to the shape of letters, could make out only your name up there at the beginning.

"Is that me?" you would ask.

"Yes. It is you."

"Is it my book of Mozart you are writing for me?"

No. The Mozart story wasn't as easy as I expected. It began all right. The first few pages were simple. Little Wolfgang in his purple velvet suit, the white lace at his cuffs, climbing on the laps of perfumed ladies of the courts, sitting before the clavier in the famous old royal houses of Europe. Everyone applauding. How magnificent! A God-given gift, this marvelous music! That is the Mozart you know, only a little taller than yourself.

But Mozart grew up, just as you will grow up. And then the story changed. I could no longer explain to you what was happening. The playful, joyous, talented boy is gone now. Mozart, a poor and lonely man, cried just as you cry when things have hurt too much. You cannot understand it yet, but to have such a great gift as he had sometimes brought him pain.

He always heard melodies playing in his head, even as he walked on the street or jogged along in hired carriages from one city to the next in search of the just reward of his talent. Very often, too often, the music he heard inside was not at all like the sounds he heard outside, in the ordinary world around him. The dissonance between them was one cause of his sorrow.

Some day when you are older, you will have a similar experience. Oh, I don't mean that you are going to compose music. But it will be very much like having two melodies playing at once, one inside you, one outside. Now and then, not often, they will be the same. You will suddenly hear, being played clearly in the world somewhere, a phrase from the mysterious and secret score of your own life. A wonderful moment!

But other times the two will jangle dismally against one another, without harmony. You will be sad and puzzled. Maybe you will want to turn off the inner sound altogether, to free yourself of the awful discord. It will be easy enough for you to try. Your world is one of ingenious distraction. A turn of the dial and the electronic tube will spread its warming glow over you, hastening with noisy consolations into your mind, overpowering you with its thousand answers. And leaving you ultimately a desolation dry as deserts, because the electronic mind cannot enter into yours and know your pain.

That is why I am writing you this letter tonight. A long way from the moment when you may look back wonderingly upon these days, the headlong rushing days of your early childhood, I am trying to piece together a message. Time, I pray, will decipher it to you, with God's help. Hedged in here tonight with all my shortcomings, as a person and as a parent, I speak to that unknown person, the future you, who stands before God so real and present, before me as indistinct as dreams.

I want to make and keep a quiet place in your mind, soundproofed against the outer clamor. It is ridiculous, seeing that I fall so far short in such ordinary things as making braids, or tying bows, or finding two whole socks that match on a busy morning. But I keep telling myself that years from now the socks will be forgotten, but the quiet place must always be in you.

That is really why we go to the convent for catechism on Wednesday afternoons. It's not because I am in such a hurry for you to learn catechism. Probably I could teach you. But as soon as we open the door marked "Pull" and go up the shiny inside steps into the hall, we go into a new world. It is a world of silence, of peace. The center of it is a few steps away, in the chapel.

Broadway, the world's street, is one block off, yet here it might never have existed. The air itself is recollection. It is an order I couldn't create at home, where the hundred details I can never quite master keep getting in my way and tripping me like the blocks you

leave around the floor. Even in our church you wouldn't find such peace. It's too big a parish, always filled with the tension of crowds hurrying in, hurrying out. I hope that later on, when perhaps you have forgotten all about these little Wednesday afternoon excursions, you may be lonely for just such a place. I hope you will be able to find again, wherever you are, a place where the insistent music of the world runs down and finally stops like an old victrola someone forgot to wind. In the silence your mind can rest and listen to its own melodies.

I've told you how my mother—your grandmother—used to read to me when I was a little girl. I would often be sick in bed for a week or so at a time, and the nights would be restless. Every time I woke up I would see my mother sitting nearby, an old piece of cloth draped around the lamp to make it very dim. She would read to me until I fell asleep again. Mostly poetry. Sometimes I didn't really listen to it. Now I know it wasn't always the best poetry. Often it was mournful and repetitious ballads. The curfew shall not ring tonight, and Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men! But the sound of it was soothing. It put in my ear, in my mind, the sound of word-music, the resolution of thought in rhyme. Next morning, clear-headed but too weak for toys, I would prop an old school notebook on my shaky knees and write verses of my own.

That love of poetry had come quite a distance in our family. My mother would tell of her own father coming in from the fields at supertime, on their farm in Castledermot, and reciting poetry from memory while he was washing for the meal. I don't know how he learned it, being a poor farmer, and education being what it was in the Ireland of his day.

Nowadays things are different. Time goes faster for most of us, because there are so many things to do. Poetry is a course in the second or third year of college, or it is a formality appended to the English class. Have it, and have done with it. Most anyone can find out today what it was the poets were trying to say. It's become much easier because more sensible heads have figured it all out in nice clear prose. Maybe that is why fewer people today really love poetry. Then too, poetry isn't a speedy thing. You can't hurry it up. It has to sink in. Of course I've felt a little foolish sometimes when, on an impulse, I would read to you one of the truly great poems when you were two or three or four years old. But it can't hurt to hear the sounds, to know they exist, to wonder what they mean. I've even read you psalms for a bed-time story. You don't know what they say, but your ears can't

miss the grandeur. Maybe it will make a difference even to have heard those glorious phrases when you are so young.

the loss of mystery

Everything goes faster in this world, your world. People travel faster. They can go more places in less time than ever before. But they can't stay in any one place as long as they used to. Modern travelers haven't much time to spend looking at the Grand Canyon. They have to get on with the tour, so they photograph it and take it back home, reduced to miniature, slung over their shoulder on a film.

Geographical speed is typical. In education, it isn't much different. Like scenes from a train window, facts rush at us all the time. Mountain peak, blast furnace, city slum and country green—all fly before us without pause or emphasis. No guide informs us which are wonderful, which are banal. It is too late anyhow. We are already past and the train never goes back.

As our education, so our life is composed of a succession of fleeting impressions—beautiful, ugly, subtle, glaring, effulgent, somber. The travelogue has no script. The commentator who might fit the pieces together is silent.

You must learn how to do it for yourself. Some place in the journey you must take your eyes away from the window and rest them. Their desire for the acquisition of being must turn to the contemplation of being, its meaning, its mystery.

Mystery! One of the disappointments of "educational" television for me is the subtle implication that everything can be explained in words of two syllables. To you, the little one who sits absorbed before the TV screen, the well-meaning instructor seems to be saying: Look, the world may seem just too big and complicated for you. But don't worry. We have made it little, especially for you, so you can understand it all, so you can be full of confidence in your own cut-down-to-child-size universe. Everything must fit you, like the nursery table and chairs.

It is perhaps a sound and constructive educational principle, but life certainly loses a lot in being reduced to pre-school dimension. Besides, even a child must recognize and try to grasp those great underlying principles of life which are borne in upon him from earliest infancy. They are big. They are awesome. They are mysterious, even to grownups who seem to you so wise.

Knowing you so well, how your mind works, I am sure that you have already come face to face with some of them. It is hard for me to accept your destiny—that you must learn of pain. But I can't deny that it has already touched you in the bitter-edged conflicts of your child-days, in your keen probing of the elemental problems of life around you. Yes, I am sure you know. The kindergarten world of the television screen exists only in the studio, a make-believe place. Here where we are, the cross, wooden or golden, is never out of sight. Remember, it is the impact of mystery in its many forms that stretches the mind, lifts the heart and in ages past has stirred up from stricken souls the magnificent creative efforts of mankind.

Today the great effort seems to be to bring everything within the reach of everybody. It cannot be accomplished without some sacrifices. In the bookstore, a strange revolution! Here, for a quarter or so, you can buy the literary treasures of the ages, carefully recast into simplified vocabulary and standardized format. Classics, you will learn, were often lengthy. They cannot be read between 175th Street and Times Square even on the local subway. But after all, it's only the plot that matters. That can be condensed. The bare bones of the story are presented in an abbreviated work of terrible easy-to-read mediocrity that makes one wonder how they have lasted so long. It's true even of the books they make for you. I wonder what will happen to all those wonderful legendary child-characters now that they have all become Disney cartoons! Not to underestimate Disney's contributions to the art of photography, the characters he has borrowed from the children's classics are somehow so alike, all first or second cousins to Mickey Mouse. The magic is missing, though the story is all there. You watch, but your imagination is not quickened as it would be if you were to read of their adventures as their authors first conceived them. It is a delight to walk upon that thin bridge of words the author has built for you, tenuous, yet capable of bearing the tremendous weight of human communication.

Now I'll tell you a funny story. Long ago, I went to a concert and heard there an unforgettable piece of music. One day, a year or two afterwards, I was walking on an autumn afternoon through a quaint old street in Georgetown, and I heard that same music coming from a high window in one of those prim colonial houses. Somehow that piece of music seemed to belong to me. I went to a store and bought it, on a record. At home, without waiting to take off my coat, I unwrapped it and began to play it. I waited and waited for its wonder

to take hold of me. It never did. The record ended, and I felt like breaking it under my foot on the floor. But I learned something—never to buy the music I loved most.

That is when I began to know that ownership can very subtly deform the things we love. Because once a thing is ours, it is somehow a participant in our limitations, our failings. Instead of carrying us into a luminous world of perception and solace, it becomes a prosaic part of our own so limited sphere. Once our prisoner, things can no longer set us free of our own bars. So I say to you: don't try to possess what you love. If it is really yours, it may lose forever its power to hold your heart.

I suppose that is why I always feel sad when someone gives me flowers. I love them, of course. But I know, as soon as I hold them, their beauty has begun to die. My enjoyment is their destruction. It's strange, but I would rather see a flower growing and come home empty-handed, with only a memory of its loveliness, than to bring it back with me. No, flowers cannot make me happy as long as they belong to me.

And you? While I've been writing this, it's grown very late. Our street, our house stands in midnight silence under the bright cool stars we in cities never see. Out on the sidewalk in front, the cold wind ruffles the ragged pages of a little book you took out when you went to play and forgot to bring back in. I saw it there in the dark. How ridiculous it looked, how pathetic. . . . And here inside, I go back to cover you, down the long hall, quietly. I know before I get there that you'll have all the covers kicked off, and you'll be sleeping, as you do everything, with such intensity, such seriousness, your doll dangling precariously off the pillow, the patch-quilt all askew.

These are the hours when we who are parents look upon our sleeping children and ask ourselves why we cannot do better, do more, do all that we realize we should do for you. These are the hours of tears and anguish over our failures, over the suffering which in daytime we cannot admit must come to you.

How can I say it in this letter? It is only a collection of random thoughts put together without a clear plan. But I don't know the rules for what I am trying to do. I have no blueprint for that quiet place I want to create in you, and keep in you. I hope that it will be there, all your life, for your refreshment and counsel. And—what I dare not hope—if God should choose, some distant time from now, to say a word, I mean a word to you especially, He would have a place to speak, and you would have a place to listen.



Mary Ellen Kelly

the sick and solitude

Miss Kelly, who has been bed-ridden since her teens, founded the Sodality for Shut-Ins.

To what extent does the sometimes feared and always mysterious business of solitude figure in the lives of men and women who are either chronically ill or wait on the threshold of prolonged convalescence?

It looms, I would conclude after years of both personal experience and general observation, as a dark and shapeless cloud which silently awaits its chance in an off-guard moment to envelop the victim.

Through misunderstanding solitude has become the antithesis of serenity, well-being and reassuring security. Advertising, competition and a social trend which suggests an all-out fraternization plan, have made solitude a word reserved for prison fiction, religious communities and homes for the aged. Television plots concerning the loneliness of the big city further contribute to the distortion, with the inevitable indications of malicious indifference adding to the general confusion.

What happens to a person who is accustomed to an atmosphere of noisy activity when he is suddenly plunged into a condition of sickness and solitude? Can he survive in such a set-up? How does he decrease acceleration—the first necessary step—yet keep his motor running for the even steeper climb he now faces?

It isn't easy. Believe me. For one reason, awareness of the physical dominates at the beginning of illness. Pain is a jealous thing; it detests distractions and bitterly resents efforts toward its disposal. The person's whole being becomes a unit with a single purpose—that of conquering the misery and disturbance which have so boldly intruded upon his welfare. Not until these physical aspects recede somewhat is there room or desire to consider the spiritual facets of illness. Even then it is a complex and arduous process. The person now has another name—that of patient—and with it comes a necessary re-education and adjustment to routine. All this makes deep cuts into the privacy each day and night affords, and for quite some time unoccupied moments hold no more potential than a succession of empty tick-tocks. Oddly enough, this writer knows from experience that it is in this seeming suspension of activity that Our Lady begins to prepare the soul for an onslaught of love by her Crucified Son, for it is in the first mystifying moments of solitude that one hears His call.

the purpose of suffering

No matter what one's brand of illness (unless, of course, a congenital one), it has its moment of starting and subsequent periods of medical examination, diagnosis and prognosis, possibly hospitalization, as well. Fruits, flowers, cologne and get-well cards give an assist over the first hurdles, but then, one bright and antiseptic day, the realization comes that *this is it*. This is no appendectomy honeymoon, no week-end tonsilectomy. This is *it . . . maybe for one's whole life*. Yesterday's preoccupation with scrabble fades and gradually gives way to a timid though encouraging approach to the *purpose* of all this. The questions begin and, according to the faith, trust and love of the patient, the answers are revealed by God through His Mother, His sacraments, His grace.

As the true meaning of suffering is brought forth fresh and clean from a hodge-podge of innocuous and hackneyed phrases, the patient—God's victim of love—establishes a vitally important premise, namely, that no way other than the cross of suffering was chosen by God to save the world, and only a cross re-opened heaven's gates. A cross, then, is necessary for salvation and the one already chosen by God is unquestionably the right one.

Next comes the task of applying action to this intellectual conviction of the will. With the help of prayer—at least the exercises re-

garded as prayer until now the willing patient is introduced to a solitude which for the first time is neither a vacuum, an interlude before company arrives, an enforced rest period, nor a lull in which to take a mental inventory of unwritten "thank you" notes.

the world of solitude

The experience creates a rather strange reaction, somewhat like that of having unexpectedly brushed elbows with some lovely phantom thing whose elusiveness is half annoying and half compelling. A feeling lingers, one that whispers, "Caution" to the victim's inconstant and fearful heart . . . while from elsewhere comes a gentle but insistent urging: "Return," return to solitude.

Some of us do. And, too, some of us turn a deaf ear to the pleading and, with remarkable powers of rationalization, become convinced that there are less difficult ways of finding Christ than in solitude. So, without a shred of regret, we toss out of the window one of the rarest gifts a human being can receive: the time to know solitude.

But for those who do not turn away, a new world awaits in which undreamed-of treasures are available for the faithful. To this new world there is but one guide, Our Lady, of whom St. Louis de Montfort says: "Mary is the excellent masterpiece of the Most High, of which God has reserved to Himself both the knowledge and the possession. Mary is the admirable Mother of the Son, who took pleasure in concealing and humbling her during her lifetime, calling her by the name Woman, as if she were a stranger, although in His heart He loved and esteemed her above all angels and all men. Mary is the sealed fountain and the faithful Spouse of the Holy Ghost, to whom He alone has entrance. Mary is the sanctuary and blessed repose of the Blessed Trinity, where God dwells more magnificently and divinely than any place else in the universe."

With her to lead the way, the most unworthy cross-bearer can perceive the wonders of solitude. They are not revealed at once, nor consistently; in fact, so wonderful are they that God in His wisdom doles them out with infinite regard for the person's capacity and spiritual welfare.

With Our Lady's assistance, the patient is helped to develop a routine governed by an unalterable rule: first things first. Extensive cooperation is required to follow this rule, as opposition moves in from all sides to prevent it's being obeyed. Aware now of the necessity for

periods of prayerful solitude, the searcher must expend unrelenting effort in the pursuit of these periods and their incorporation into his day. They must be defended, guarded, cherished, as the precious gems they are—even regarded jealously. During this time of preparation it is very likely that Mary, ever outdoing her loved ones in generosity, will cultivate in the heart of the sick, disabled or afflicted victim a fondness for these regulated moments of solitude. It isn't a foregone conclusion that she will, incidentally, as she may have excellent reasons for permitting the struggle to continue without such reassuring and encouraging boosts. No cause to worry, though. Whichever way she chooses is best for the one involved.

At hand now are three of the prerequisites—an awareness of the need of solitude, an appreciation of its value, and the opportunity to experience it. The next step, hinging in a way on each of the above, deals with the slow but rewarding process of returning again and again to this time reserved for God alone. He who perseveres is brought to realize that in the silence and peace of consecrated solitude, one is not only better equipped to cast aside the ever waiting distractions but also better disposed toward the building of a sanctuary within the soul.

a method of prayer

It is with a deep sense of humility and unworthiness that I now dare suggest for my co-invalids a plan which may (or may not) help them to be comfortable and relaxed as their special time approaches. If it does, my heart will be happy; if not, it will not be dismayed, because I am confident that far more effective methods are available.

So, to the beginner, permit me to suggest first of all that he devote several quiet moments in which to relax and seek composure, since a sense of quietude propels the spirit into prayer. A helpful follow-up is the imaginary emptying of his entire being—soul, heart, intellect, memory—in a sort of good-will gesture to show God his eagerness to dispense with worldly attractions and leave the way clear for grace.

As an assurance of having expert counsel, he will do well to invite the Holy Spirit to be present at the meeting. The words might go something like this:

"O Divine Spirit of Love, on the other side of this moment is the time of union between God and me. Accompany me to this meeting, I beg of Thee, and remain throughout so that it will be as a trysting place and my heart will please my Lover. Penetrate my being, Beloved

Wisdom, with the ability to love, contemplate, trust, adore, and thank God as never before. Inflame my imagination with greater appreciation for His beauty, my understanding with deeper knowledge of my unworthiness, and my will with firmer determination to offend Him no more. This I ask in His Holy Name, which the angels echo throughout all eternity."

Later, reaching for Mary's hand, a plea:

"Come, stand beside me, sweet Virgin Mother! Cleanse my soul with but a touch of your immaculate hands . . . adorn it with a trace of your loveliness . . . and enhance it with even a finite measure of your tenderness. Only if you do this can I hope to build a worthy repose for Him Who created me, redeemed me and sanctifies me. Teach me how to derive the very most from this solitude which, through illness, is now mine. Grant, dear Mother, that I will neither waste nor reject it, but will instead co-operate to the fullest with this privilege. Obtain charity for me, so that my lips can speak words of love; patience, so that I will not be disconcerted should my efforts produce a seeming emptiness; purity, to behold God; and courage, so that my solitude will never degenerate into rebellion or self-pity. From you, sweet Comforter of the Afflicted, I confidently seek these favors. Amen."

a symphony

And what of the reality? *The encounter?* With complete honesty this writer frankly admits that it begs description. Let me try to explain it this way. From all eternity a symphony has been written by God for each of His children. Each possesses a unique theme and each, in view of the Composer, is an intrinsic masterpiece. As the very source of all harmony, God could have easily appeased His desire for music by a simple command that each soul play his symphony when called upon. However, He wanted not a regimented corps who would respond with automatic woodenness, but a phalanx of devoted children whose music would swell from love, prayer, sacrifice and service. In this way each theme would retain its distinction, each one its variations.

It is, therefore, understandable why the actual encounter can scarcely be described. During one meeting the heart and soul might be so gloriously in tune that breathing itself contributes a sense of rhythmical projection, thus catapulting the entire system into an integrated musical production. At a time like this it is hard to say what governs the symphony's interpretation—the disposition of the indi-

vidual? The love and generosity of the divine composer and maestro? Both? It should not be questioned, nor held tightly, I would say, but rather absorbed, as though the melody flowing forth were sweeping over one like great encompassing waves. To be indifferent to the interpretation requires humility, for it must be remembered that God's will in the matter is all that matters. If in these moments of prayerful solitude He deigns to communicate His sensible presence, let the heart's only reaction be that of profound gratitude. . . .

For there will be other rendezvous, unfortunately, which will produce no music. One's pulse will pound and respirations will succeed each other as every fibre strains to express in rhapsodic splendor the taunting melody that hammers within like a trapped bird in a cage. But no amount of effort releases the melody; no amount of longing succeeds in exacting even one note.

But who knows? Perhaps in the ear of God our individual symphonies are performed more perfectly during these moments of seeming fruitlessness than any other time. *We* do not know, but thank heaven we are moved by faith to persevere, to let nothing destroy or intrude upon that spiritual temple which is built only by prayerful, persistent, heart-breaking, soul-thrilling, dedicated solitude.

Arlene Anderson

The Human Sacrifice

In the midst of anything and all things
We suffer tears to fall and blending cool
The blood within the cup: Like priests we pour
The eternal flow of water to our wine.

The very self grows big within the soul
Massing to form man's parody on man;
The nausea, the shudder, and the cry:
And every man must sacrifice his child.

No longer for us an exultation's song.
Vision is gone now; spirit is spent;
The pattern holds us fast: Daily we eat
Our tasteless bread and find in it our God.



A. P. Campbell

death of an individual

Is the modern emphasis on social adjustment detrimental to the development of inner resources in the individuals? This is the question discussed by Mr. Campbell who has written frequently for Integrity.

God creates souls individually, not in pairs or in clusters; each human soul is a spirit making its lonely way up to God. There seems to be a desperate effort today to shake off that disturbing truth; for, whereas it was at one time necessary to proclaim and defend the universality of man, we are now arriving at the point where it is imperative to insist that while we are all children of God and brothers in Christ, each has his own separate existence, given by God and returnable to God. That means that our social life and our education must not at any time neglect or overlook the individual perfection of man. Unfortunately today we live in a world dazzled by "progress" and rapt to the seventh heaven of energy and speed. Everybody has to participate in the breaking of a sound barrier and everybody is more or less caught up on the splendid heresy of works; works that are measurable and "social" activity that can be seen and heard. People continually cry "Give me a man who can *do* things." Everywhere the stress is on the external. The

young especially are allowed and encouraged to live in an atmosphere of perpetual noise, and the excitement of "social living." The elders of the people are convinced that the modern cultivation of elbow-rubbing is better than the old prescription of elbow-grease. Everywhere there is a firm determination that no soul will be allowed to "go it alone" but will be welded into the safety of the social chain-gang.

a social animal

Ours is an age that is easily intoxicated by slogans; and one of the most dangerous—dangerous because it is true—is the dictum that "man is a social animal," so glibly thrown about on all possible occasions. Even those who know its true meaning offer hospitality to the most superficial and gregarious interpretation of this saying. Now, it is time that we threw that saying away or looked at its true implication: for we are social animals primarily in the sense that we have duties and functions to perform as a consequence of our relationship to other human beings: we are parents, sons, teachers, doctors, farmers and so on; we are *not* social animals primarily because we play ball with the neighbors, join a club, participate in all school or parish activities or in general rub every elbow that happens to be within rubbing distance of us. The lonely hermit praying in a mountain cave is as much a social animal as the driver of a city bus.

You might protest that this is generally accepted as a truism today; but if you look about you will find that it is denied in practice. For a man is called anti-social who does not conform to the habits of his neighbors; students who do not participate in most "activities" of their school are a cause of alarm to the teacher, a problem to their parents and a menace to their fellows. Everybody must be "drawn out" of himself; what remains inside is not to be considered. Nobody is to be allowed to remain in the quiet indoors of himself; he must be rushed outside to where things are *being done*, where his extracted self will be hurled against the extracted selves of other members of the community.

And there in that external and social world, democracy will flourish and will be patriotically vindicated. And since activity is the keyword to this world, the more activity one engages in, the better it all is and the safer everything becomes. "Leaders," "live wires" and "group activity" are the golden words everywhere whirling about. How can the man so safely welded into his place in the social chain know that

he will finally have to return to his drab little room within and go it alone at last?

activity versus the deep freeze

This fetish of activity for its own sake, as a *good thing* and as a remedy for most of our ills, lies behind nearly all of our thoughts and actions. It is tacitly assumed by many who are active in education, and it has long been a commonplace in the minds of most of those who constantly talk about "keeping the young people off the street." Take an example. If juvenile delinquency is on the upsurge, what do you do today? You rush out and put up one hundred new playgrounds. The fact that many of the delinquents are overpampered with playing does not matter. You have done *something*. The theory is that if you can keep the young busy enough and tired enough physically, they will have neither the time nor the energy to be bad. Of course, this process must be continued indefinitely: the pace never can slacken. When a boy grows up, he has his job, his family, his club or his neighborhood or parish "activity" to keep him roaring busy, until some day he drops dead and is safe forever.

I wonder why it has never been proposed that deep-freezing be employed instead of "activity" as a safeguard against thinking, mooning, dreaming, or senile and juvenile delinquency. It would be most effective. How wonderful to send the children into the family deep-freeze for the summer instead of having to exile them to an expensive camp, where they get sunburned and play follow-the-leader for sixty-five days. How wonderful a way to handle the impatient and wayward old people who want to stroll down the street after eighty! The calm, quiet and security of it all! The day will come yet when this practical step will be taken; in the meantime, most of the humorous programs on T.V. provide a pretty good deep-freeze substitute.

But I must admit that merely immobilizing the young would not be the complete substitute for the all-out activity so zealously aimed at today; there is in our day, a philosophy, or one should say, a theology, of play; for the whole business of play and recreation is invested with a kind of religious garment, and many large-souled men devote themselves warmly to playing with the young, not, as some of the saints did, with the purpose of getting close to the children and telling them about God, but with some mysterious notion that they will all eventually appear before some playful God who knows the score.

It is in the field of education that the craze for standardization and the emphasis on group activity is doing the most harm and preventing the free development of the child's individual nature; and it does this very simply by forgetting that people grow and develop from within, and that the interior life of order and truth and beauty can not be replaced by any number of coats of activity and social-living whitewash. Nobody would deny the necessity of healthful exercise for children, nor the desirability of having them mingle agreeably with their companions, but such activity should never be made the measure of one's schooling, nor should an equal amount of "participation" be required of every child in the school; for the quiet and uncommunicative child is not necessarily maladjusted: he may be merely thoughtful and attracted to some inward vision and beauty; if he is too rudely pushed into the common mould, his inner life will be stolen from him and his individuality destroyed.

As he grows in years, the child needs to be introduced more and more to the exciting life of the intellectual, the world in which *ideas* play their mysterious role; for the genuine glory of the intellect is the *discovery* of truth, and that discovery is an individual phenomenon. The young who are languid and cynical and bored have never made that discovery; the doors of that world have never been opened to them. Such a discovery demands calm and peace and the occasional privacy of contemplation. All of which finds poor encouragement in an atmosphere of continuous "doing," activity and uniformity, where the glare of common daylight must fall upon all and upon all alike.

children's books

It would be vastly to the advantage of the young, and of the grown-ups, too, if a less determined effort were made today to exorcise the demon of "mystery" from life. To destroy mystery is to destroy the charm of life; and to see that this commodity is being removed from life, right from the start, all you have to do is look at most of the books now being printed for children. What do we find? For the very young, trucks, trains, rides in the car with Daddy, shopping with Mommy—all the ordinary things that happen to all children everyday. This is the pattern to be followed; singularity is rarely encouraged. The annoying aspect of it is that books for the young are selected by adults, usually people who know nothing about the mind or soul of a child; looking backward, the modern adult sees all kinds of dangers and

problems in the simplest fantasy, and insists on rewriting the good old fairy tales, turning the whole business into a wholesome bit of fact and formaldehyde. Animal stories maintain a kind of vogue, but very often the animals are as drab and uninspired as the people. T.V., which could do so much for the mind of the child, fails to live up to its wonderful possibilities. I do know one program in particular which offers joy and beauty and fantasy and true laughter to the children, but all too many of the programs throw out the same old garbage, with entertainers who are deliberately and quite literally "dopes," who weary the children with a perpetual daily round of unoriginal stupidities that would hardly amuse their parents.

"I hate poetry"

One of the most constant and painful examples of the undeveloped imagination and the lack of inner resources is brought before me every September: year after year, college freshmen tell me, some of them quite bitterly, "I hate poetry." They place no value upon it themselves, and have no trust in the value placed upon it by others (I don't deny there is the odd bright young man who talks up to you with all his book-review knowledge of the most significant contemporaries); it is not that these young people are not anxious for learning, but simply that, having been fed on a diet of educational facts, they do not find poetry factual and therefore find it not "educational" and so they consider it an unjustified imposition, at best a pastime for the weak and abnormal.

Some blame for the dislike of poetry must be laid to the manner of teaching it. In the first place, the memorizing of poetry, which used to be so much insisted upon, is fallen into disuse. And this is a great shame; for beautiful poetry committed to memory lingers on and sinks into the soul to form a refuge, a "home to fly unto" in quiet moments, a perpetual call to contemplation.

Even without deliberate memorization, a great deal may be achieved by sensitive reading of portions of our best poetry. But the *poetry* itself must be *read*. What we have so very, very often is the side excursion into the life of the author, the political and social background of the work, summaries and paraphrases of the plot and God knows what else, while the poor poem lies a-bleeding. You might as well expect a person to admire a rose torn up by the baby as to expect young people to love poems handed to them in this fashion. Lucky is

the boy or girl who discovers a poet for himself; all too rare today is that wonderful delight of poetic discovery, the glimpse of truth and beauty, the possession of a secret treasure. What an indictment of our educational processes when young people at their most sensitive age can say "I hate poetry!"

Of course, even the best of methods and the best of teachers have a handicap in the teaching of poetry and literature generally; for there is such a yen for group action and group appreciation, and every manner so earnestly sought to reduce both the student and the art to the lowest common denominator, that anything so individual, so delicately intuitive as a poem, that will not be squared, nor flattened, nor measured nor made to talk common sense—such a thing is apt to be suspect, and to fall into the hands of arty students who go in for elocution and render up poor Shakespeare as if they were reading T.V. commercials.

"conspicuous consumption"

If you protest that you know many young students who are mighty keen on poetry and drama, I will grant you that; but I will have you observe that a good deal of it falls into the channel of "conspicuous consumption" of the twentieth century. Just as we have goods to show off to our neighbors, we have "knowledge" of books and poems and poets and plays for public display (and, of course, for grades), for the battle of rags and tags and labels, and *not* for the firing of the soul, the deepening and maturing of the vision of life.

One should not be too pessimistic; of course not: it may be that the man brought up on a very active and externalized social and academic program will be able to keep an apparent balance as long as he is able to keep up the headlong race, and is not given idle time in which he should think, and is never left alone with the elements. It may be, of course, as you say. But eventually even this safe man will stop and wonder what is within him: he will listen for a voice within, but he will hear none—not because there is in his heart the silence of sweet solitude, but because there is nothing in there at all. He is as dead as a turned-off radio.

If he is forced to be alone, he is wretchedly lonely; the fruits of his social activity and his education may become as unhelpful and meaningless as the decorations of a five star general alone and lost on some remote island: nobody salutes him but the birds.



Barry Ulanov

lions and gardens

*The care and cultivation of a Christian literature
are discussed by Barry Ulanov,
of the English Department at Barnard College, whose
translation of Bernanos' Last Essays has recently
been published.*

In one of the most eloquent defenses of an art the world has ever known, Giovanni Boccaccio said, "it is now sufficiently clear to reverent men, that poetry is a practical art, springing from God's bosom and deriving its name from its effect, and that it has to do with many high and noble matters that constantly occupy even those who deny its existence." But that was six hundred years ago, when Boccaccio wrote his *Genealogy of the Gentile Gods*, when it was clear indeed to reverent and to irreverent men that poetry was a practical art and that it, like all else, sprang from God's bosom. Poetry was a practical art to Boccaccio and his contemporaries and the saints and scholars from whom they drew their inspiration because poetry was an art of revelation and poets revealers of God's will as He had made it known to His creatures and shown it forth in His creation. As best they could, they looked

into the enigmas of creation and the mysteries of men and reported what they had seen, joyful when it was good, sorrowful when it was evil, and delighted always, either at the magnificence of those who sought sanctity and found it, or at the uproarious spectacle of the others—so many more in number—who fought clumsily, gracelessly, with bestial ineptness to elude their beatitudes. And what they saw, they saw whole, as part of a plan and their part in it purposeful. Never, under any circumstances, would they have defended their craft as "self-expression" or explained their profession in terms of the inanities of aesthetics. They were pleased to look at people and places and events *sub specie aeternitatis*, but with eyes and ears, with senses generally made alert by the things of this world.

test-tubes and calipers

Have we lost this keenness of view and soundness of hearing and fineness of taste and touch and smell? Certainly, on the surface at least, the arts in our time, as for many generations before it, do not seem to be created under the aspect of eternity. The prevailing mode in the arts for at least a century has been what is called realism or naturalism, a mode for which an elaborate apologetics has been constructed, apparently scientific in tone and rich in the justification of sense experience. We too look and listen and report what we see and hear, report more accurately, we often say, because our tools are more accurate, because we have test-tubes and calipers and slide-rules with which to measure the integers and entanglements of human relations and the ample discoveries of science with which to check our findings. We pride ourselves on the candor of our reports, on the shamelessness of our unveilings, on the surgical precision of our probings. How is it, then, that so small an area of human life is covered in our novels, that poetry has become so largely the solipsistic outpouring of tortured souls, that ambiguity has become a positive value, that the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ have disappeared from our literature, and that goodness is little more in the so-called creative works of our time than an embarrassing smirk which rightfully earns our contempt?

Somewhere in the passing of the four or five hundred years that we like to call centuries of progress there disappeared the breadth of view and fullness of understanding that make the mere reading of Dante or Chaucer or Boccaccio or Petrarch or the troubadours a creative adventure for the Christian spirit. Somewhere along the perilous line

of literary history a narrow literalness replaced the seeing in depth which distinguishes the work of the Christian humanists, and the senses of the soul were traded in for factory-made telescopic lenses which, for all their power, never seem to be able to reveal more than dirt under the carpet and cesspools beneath the cerebellum. And as long as we continue to fool ourselves with the notion that the writer is a scientist, necessarily weighed down with laboratory equipment and trained only to observe ephemera and to document the transient, the product is likely to remain the same: infinite emptiness in a little room.

reach back into our past

Those of us, whether readers or writers, who are heirs to the Christian humanist tradition have another course open to us and much larger resources to fall back upon. We can reach back into our own past and revel in it and take heart. Over a period of a millennium and a half or more, from St. John the Evangelist to St. Teresa of Avila, at the very least, we can find nourishment and encouragement in the root and the flower of a literature thoroughly and beautifully and movingly Christian. We can find in others who came after—Shakespeare and Donne and Herbert and Crashaw, Pope and Swift and Fielding and Sterne, Wordsworth and Hopkins and Newman, to speak of only one country's literature—the same lights, a little dimmed perhaps, but shining within with the same wisdom and put together with a related power and looking forward to the same glory. We can recognize in the saints of every era the literary skills which God's graces confer, no matter what the guises, and not be ashamed to be stirred by the tidings of comfort and joy expressed in the simple French of Sainte Thérèse or by the consecration of the trivial exclaimed in impassioned Spanish by Sister Josefa Menendez.

There are traps in this course too. It is easy to be deluded into thinking that the Christian truths contained in the writings of avowed Christian poets and canonized saints are exuded with the bludgeoning directness of a pious ejaculation. They are not. As revealers of God's word and God's will, such writers are aware always that however sharp their insights and however immediate their experiences, they see only as in a mirror, darkly, and that by the time the insights and the experiences have been communicated on paper there is a further refraction between the reader and the writer to be overcome. The best of them, accordingly, take early account of this fact and the very particular

mystery which is life itself and start by drawing a veil over their creations, finding sanction for this procedure in the parables of Christ. This is, in fact, as Boccaccio explains, what fiction is, "a form of discourse, which, under guise of invention, illustrates or proves an idea; and, as its superficial aspect is removed, the meaning of the author is clear." "If, then," he continues, "sense is revealed from under the veil of fiction, the composition of fiction is not idle nonsense."

allegory

Thus do the great Christian writers arrive at the procedure which informs almost all their matter: the allegorical method. A very clear explanation of the method is Dante's in his letter to Can Grande della Scala, in which he dedicates the third canticle of the *Commedia*, the *Paradiso*, to that lord of Verona and explains his use of allegory:

. . . there is one meaning that is derived from the letter, and another that is derived from the things indicated by the letter. the first is called *literal*, but the second *allegorical* or *mystical*. That this method of expounding may be more clearly set forth, we can consider it in these lines: "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language; Judah was his sanctuary and Israel his dominion." For if we consider the *letter* alone, the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses is signified; if the *allegory*, our redemption accomplished in Christ is signified; if the *moral meaning*, the conversion of the soul from the sorrow and misery of sin to a state of grace is signified; if the *anagogical*, the departure of the sanctified soul from the slavery of this corruption to the liberty of everlasting glory is signified. And although these mystical meanings are called by various names, they can in general all be said to be allegorical, since they differ from the literal or historic...

Ultimately, this working method owes its rational order and logical structure to St. Augustine, whose most lucid and cogent presentation of these ideas is to be found in his *De doctrina Christiana* (excellently translated some eight years ago in the Fathers of the Church series by John J. Gavigan, O.S.A., as the *Christian Instruction*). The philosophy of allegory, as a central procedure for all thinking writers whose sights are not trained exclusively upon this world, antedates St. Augustine by some centuries, however; it is to be found, at least implicitly, in the works of Cicero and Virgil in the figures with which they veil the doctrine of *pietas*, for example, and in the miraculous transformations of

people into trees and streams in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, to whom ideas were most plausible when personified.

A whole phalanx of the *personae* of allegory can be drawn from the great Christian writers in illustration of the method. St. Gregory the Great shows how "the nature of every thing is compounded of different elements," by citing "Holy Writ" where "different things are allowably represented by any one thing." Take lions as an example:

. . . the lion has magnanimity, it has also ferocity: by its magnanimity then it represents the Lord, by its ferocity the devil. Hence it is declared of the Lord, *Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David hath prevailed.* Hence it is written of the devil, *Your adversary, the devil, like a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.* But by the title of a 'lioness' sometimes Holy Church, sometimes Babylon is represented to us. For on this account, that she is bold to encounter all that withstand, the Church is called a 'lioness,' as is proved by the words of the blessed Job, who in pointing out Judea forsaken by the Church, says, *The sons of the traders have not trodden, nor the lioness passed by it.* And sometimes under the lioness is set forth the city of this world, which is Babylon, which ravins against the life of the innocent with terribleness of ferocity, which being wedded to our old enemy like the fiercest lion, conceives the seeds of his forward counsel, and produces from her own body reprobate sons, as cruel whelps, after his likeness.

We are all familiar with the various figurative meanings attached to gardens, whether or not we have always penetrated to the third and fourth levels of communication intended by Christian writers. For mediæval man, the significance of a garden—ordered or disarranged, effulgent with the plenty of a Paradise suitable to the splendor of preternatural man or frosty with the sterility of Adam fallen and banished—was palpable, convincing, something he understood by direct and by literary experience. He lived close to the soil and his writers, his singers, his bards spoke to him in images he could understand, in narratives at once redolent of eternity and rough with the smell and touch of the earth he knew so well. Thus the many gardens of mediæval literature, of Chaucer's tales and Boccaccio's, of *Beowulf* and the *Roman de la Rose*; thus Dante's dark wood, the enchanted gardens of the fairy tales, and the many elaborate symbolic botanies of encyclopedists and philosophers to whom horticulture was nothing less than a reasoned index of the sins and virtues, the successes and failures, the charity and cupidity of man on pilgrimage from this world to the next.

A return to allegorical methods and materials in the twentieth

century requires something more than an elementary knowledge of zoology and botany. Even a thorough acquaintance with the fanciful bestiaries and herbals of the Middle Ages will not be enough. For even as the commandments and counsels of the Church were translated effectively into the terms of the daily lives of medieval and Renaissance men, so must they be rendered again, in a language we speak, in a world we understand, in colors and textures and sounds and tastes and odors we recognize.

The first level, the literal, of modern allegory will be quite different, must be, from the letter of medieval and Renaissance writing. But the second and third and fourth planes—those that go to make up the spirit of any allegorical communication—should obviously be the same for Christian writers and readers in this not so clearly Christian era as it was in that time so unmistakably concerned to emulate the ministry and Passion and death and Resurrection of Christ and to understand those who loved Him and those who did not and to make sense of those who followed after Him and those who did not.

toward a fuller picture

Can we lose by such an effort? Will we be deprived of some of our precious scientific objectivity if we spend somewhat less time on a drop-by-drop analysis of the secretion of the glands and somewhat more on the description of human dignity? Will our picture be incomplete if we find, now and then, some joy in the maternity of Mary the Mother of God to go along with the sorrow we discover so frequently in the neurotic Mom of motion pictures, clinical case histories, and slick magazine screeds? The questions, of course, are rhetorical; the answer to all of them a resounding "no!"—or at least it will be if we realize the size of the Incarnation and its meaning for everything and everybody, even for writers seeking subject-matter and techniques with which to explore it, if we see with St. Ignatius of Antioch that Christ "came to save all through Himself" and that therefore

He passed through every stage of life . . . was made an infant for infants, sanctifying infancy; a child among children, sanctifying those of this age, an example also to them of filial affection, righteousness and obedience; a young man among young men, an example to them, and sanctifying them to the Lord. So also amongst the older men; that He might be a perfect master for all, not solely in regard to the revelation of the truth, but also in respect of each stage of life.

This, then, is not a less complete but a fuller picture; not a less scientific observation of the facts of life but a more broadly encompassing documentation of the world God created, adding to the partial measure of human reason some of the voluminous riches of revelation. The resources of this tradition are endless, its possibilities now as before as large as the gifts of man. Its methods, as Boccaccio said of poetry, are practical, for it rests securely upon the most realistic of all literary foundations, upon the certainty that not only has a man a body but a soul as well.

A LITTLE LIBRARY OF ALLEGORICAL METHOD

- ST. AUGUSTINE: *De Doctrina Christiana* (translated as the *Christian Instruction*, in the Fathers of the Church Inc. series, Volume 4)
De Magistro (translated as *Concerning the Teacher*, in the Appleton-Century Philosophy Source Books series)
- BOETHIUS: *The Consolation of Philosophy* (translation in the Loeb Classical Library series recommended)
- DANTE: *The Convivio* (well translated in the Temple Classics series published by Dent in England and fairly widely imported in the United States)
- CHAUCER: *Troilus and Criseyde* (for those who find Chaucer's English difficult there is an able version in modern English by George Philip Krapp published by Random House)
- ROBIN FLOWER: *The Irish Tradition* (a lovely book with some fine translations of prose and verse from early Irish literature, published by Oxford)
- CHARLES G. OSGOOD: *Poetry as a Means of Grace* (illuminating essays on the title subject and on Dante, Spenser, Milton, and Dr. Johnson as exemplars, published by the Princeton University Press)
- GERALD G. WALSH, S.J.: *Medieval Humanism* (a superb conspectus of the matter of Christian Humanism, written by a master, published by Macmillan)
- D. W. ROBERTSON, JR. and BERNARD F. HUPPE: *Piers Plowman and Scriptural Tradition* (specialized but not inaccessible to the general reader; particularly valuable for its opening chapter on "The Method" and its final chapter of conclusions, published by the Princeton University Press)



neutralism — and the christian conscience

Jerem O'Sullivan-Barra

*An article that is the natural sequel
to the article on Co-existence in the June issue
by a writer who has pondered deeply the implications
of international events, and their meaning
for the modern Christian.*

The neutralist position in relation to the two great armed power blocs of East and West can best be described as "a plague on both your houses." Both houses are well fortified by possession of the ultimate (as of this writing) in weapons—weapons based on nuclear fission and fusion.

The essence of the neutralist position would seem to be a refusal to make any moral distinction between the aims and methods of the Western bloc of nations led by the United States, and the Eastern bloc led by the Soviet Union. The "Big Two" are equally anathema to certain nations of Asia, and to special groups in Western Europe.

Americans are naturally most familiar with the point of view that takes sides unequivocally in the cold war, and which can envision a point at which negotiation fails and at which they would participate in

an all-out war declared by their country. This does not obscure the fact that there is a great and deep will for peace among the American people, and they welcome every chance for meeting "at the summit," and for continued negotiations "above the timberline"—to quote a commentator.

The position that advocates a policy of Co-existence between East and West is little understood in this country, and the neutralist stand is even less understood.

In an earlier discussion of Co-existence and the Christian Conscience, an attempt was made to show how a Christian, after analyzing the tremendous moral gulf that separates the Western bloc from the Eastern bloc—counting the Moscow-Peiping Axis and the satellite states of Eastern Europe—might still decide that Co-existence between the two blocs is morally the best position for the Christian to support.

Co-existence, as advocated by the Christian, does not indicate indifference to evil, nor a refusal to recognize differences in degrees of evil. Rather, it promotes the continuation of even the present precarious international situation since even in a precarious peace it is possible to preserve a climate where differences can be recognized and pointed out. The moral choice of a Christian includes the necessity to make a choice on methods and weapons as well as on aims. The Christian advocate of Co-existence emphasizes the fact that in the only alternative to Co-existence, namely total war, all moral distinctions are lost.

"bracketing out facts"

The present article aims to analyze the neutralist position so that this position will not be confused with that presented in *Co-existence and Christian Conscience*, and so that a little more light may be thrown on the negative aspects—as well as the positive aspects—of the choice for neutrality at this juncture of history.

One of the most negative aspects of the neutralist stand is its cavalier disregard of unpleasant facts. Sometimes, one is tempted to believe that the only way to maintain a truly neutralist position at the present moment, is to "bracket out" facts that might tend to color one's moral judgment. For example, at a political forum held in New York City, and addressed by representatives of many nations, including India, the Indian delegate made so many laudatory statements about freedom in the Soviet Union, that finally someone addressed a question to him.

"Do you admit" he was asked "the fact of Soviet imperialism in the Satellite states of Eastern Europe?"

His answer was categorical, "No," he replied, "I do not."

All the facts of Soviet activity in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, were not recognized as facts by this Indian spokesman in his attempt to maintain a neutralist position.

Similarly, a leading British pacifist, and Member of Parliament, in discussing the Vietnamese war situation on a visit to this country, felt that French and American aid should have been withdrawn from South Vietnam. In his opinion, Ho Chi Minh, (leader of the Communist forces and now chief of state of North Vietnam) was a patriot with no ties to Peiping or Moscow. He "bracketed out" the fact of Ho Chi Minh's long association with Moscow and international Communism. What this British Member of Parliament feared was involvement of the Western Powers in Vietnam's affairs and the possibility of a more extended war. The quiet swallowing-up of all of Vietnam by Communist forces from the north did not seem to concern him, as long as this was done without any extension of war action.

It is certainly understandable in view of the mounting number of such arguments that many neutralists seem hardly to merit the term, so consistently do they minimize evil on one side, and emphasize it steadily with regard to the other side, namely the Western side.

There are influential groups of neutralists in Europe, even among Catholics in France, Germany and Italy. At a recent meeting of French Catholics, a priest recounted the following story. A woman had been recommended to him by her pastor. She wanted information on French Catholic aid programs in Hanoi, North Vietnam. She presented herself on the day of her departure for a trip, in the interests of peace, to Prague, Moscow, Peiping and Hanoi, with the World Federation of Democratic Women. The woman's pastor vouched for her as a daily communicant and mother of a family.

The priest explained that neither French Catholics, nor any other overseas Catholics, were allowed to work in North Vietnam, since it was taken over by the Communist regime of Ho Chi Minh. She wanted to know why, and was told that there was persecution of the Church in North Vietnam. She said she had read such rumors in the bourgeois press, and asked for a single concrete example of such persecution.

The priest showed her a map of North Vietnam and pointed out a village. He described how in South Vietnam he had met the sur-

vivors from that village in a refugee camp in South Vietnam. The parishioners and a curate had graphically described to him how their pastor had been murdered by the Communist Vietminh who had driven a spike through the pastor's head.

The woman digested this, and then countered in a calm tone with the obvious explanation, "But, of course, he was an American spy."

Many European Catholics are ready to believe the worst about the United States—possibly because their disillusion runs so deep at the way we lost the peace. They fear we might make their countrysides new deserts and lose the peace a second time—so they want nothing to do with either side in a possible World War III. We in the United States can think and talk about World War III without flinching, since we have never experienced modern war in our own homes. In Europe the mind of man can hardly advert to war and still hold on to rationality. Our most casual news stories such as a recent one about the planned atom-age war games from Louisiana to Alaska (with technological and chemical war games thrown in) sends a European into vertigo. Skillful use is made of this psychological state by the Eastern bloc, and in recent years, by Catholics who co-operate with Communists. The Regime Catholics of Poland, for example, have recently sent out priest and lay delegates to France, to Italy and to North Vietnam.

the neutralist power bloc

Another negative aspect of the neutralist position is that while the heads of the various neutralist states repeatedly deplore the existence of power blocs, they have drawn into a kind of bloc themselves. In their suggestions for future international moves toward peace, the three leading neutralists, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India, Prime Minister Nu of Burma, and President Tito of Yugoslavia, all agree on a very important step—namely, the recognition of Communist China as the sole Chinese government and its admission to the United Nations. In a way, the neutralists, by consulting closely with each other, as Nehru has done with Tito and with U Nu, and by their reaching joint decisions, are acting in every way as a bloc even though they disdain the use of the term.

This new type of neutralism is called "active neutrality" in contradistinction to the Swiss type of neutrality. Switzerland, because of many factors, maintained a position of neutrality outside the warring factions of Europe, but asserted moral principles in dealing with the

representatives, the possessions and assets, and even the refugees—of both sides in a war. Switzerland joined no blocs, nor campaigned for certain political aims.

Possibly one of the most baldly political uses of the neutralist position is the move to create a ring of neutralized states around the Iron Curtain. Such neutralization would result not from the moral choice of the people concerned but from a "deal" engineered between the East and the West—the Eastern bloc giving some concessions so as to have a neutralized neighbor. The first achievement in this policy was the neutralization of Austria in return for the signing by the Soviets of a treaty of peace.

There are many advocates both within and without the borders of Germany of a neutralized German nation, and it seems that such neutralization would be the price that Soviets would demand for the reunification of that tragically divided country. Now the *Voice of Korea*, put out by the Korean Affairs Institute of Washington, D.C. states that: "Guaranteed neutralization of Korea would eliminate friction between China, Russia and Japan." These moves reach the essence of political neutralism as a long-range power play. Not only is the decision to neutralize a state taken without reference to any moral choice or distinction, but the decision is taken for an entire nation, thus disallowing the claim of the individual citizens or of their elected representatives to have any voice at all.

We now have a picture of a world where not only during the stress of war, but during the days of peace, there will be a constant omitting, or at the least blunting, of any moral judgment. Such a prospect should move the Christian to a passionate search for ways to restore the activity of rightly-formed Christian consciences in international affairs. Even when the practical decisions reached by these consciences are not uniform, it is still of the essence that the role of conscience be not ruled out altogether. If conscientious objectors, for example, have no other effect on society but to emphasize that conscience must operate in every situation, even war, they are performing an immeasurable good for society.

Now that the worst aspects of the neutralist position have been indicated, it is only fair to point out, that, contrary to the view of many Americans, there are some positive and even sympathetic sides to the neutralist stand. Perhaps this can best be illustrated by an example.

The writer recently heard some very cogent remarks by Burma's Prime Minister Nu on the state of his own country and on the inter-

national scene. I asked a member of his official party what he considered was the essence of the Burmese neutralist position—a refusal to see any moral distinction between these two opposing power blocs, or a desire to keep the peace at any price. He explained that it was the latter that moved Burma in her “active neutrality.” Then he added: “But there is a much more important consideration—the maintenance of internal order. If our government took a definite stand in favor of one or the other side, our country would fall into disorder. The people would not stand for it. They would break up into factions and there would be chaos.”

Many people have claimed that the same thing would happen in India if the Indian government became involved with war preparations in concert with Russia or the Western Powers. Both Burma and India have tremendous internal problems to solve. Burma suffered atrociously in World War II. The peoples of these countries want to see positive improvement in their daily living and are therefore not interested in war adventures outside their borders. What seems to be an evasion of moral issues on the international field, does involve a moral position internally, since the first function of any government is to maintain peace and order within its own borders.

“the devil you know”

We Americans are prone to present the struggle against Communism as something in which Asia can join our camp—rather than seeing the struggle with Asian eyes and presenting the threat of Communism as a threat to the very real values of Asian secular and religious culture. A further reason for deeper comprehension of the neutralist position among the Asiatic nations, including not only Burma and India but also Indonesia, and to some extent Japan, is the simple fact that the United States first used the atomic bomb on Asians. The bombs tested out on the Western deserts of the United States made deserts of two Asian cities. This is something we Americans tend to forget. When the Japanese film *Hiroshima* played in New York recently, few Americans went to see what their technology was able to accomplish. The Asians know only that the new weapon was just used against the yellow man, and they fear that in a war, if the brown and yellow men were at all involved, their cities would be the testing-ground for the H bomb, at least twenty-five times more powerful than the A bomb. Thus, one reason neutralism appeals to Asians is terror of modern warfare.

A further reason for the attractiveness of the neutralist position to Asians is that they know the colonialism of England and France at first hand—or else have felt the debilitating effects of Western economic imperialism as in China. Colonialism is the “devil you know.” Communism, with its anti-imperialist slogans, does not represent, to the minds of Asians, the same threat to their economic freedom and personal dignity. It is only now that Asian leaders are beginning to see that the “devil you don’t know” may be as bad or worse as the “devil you know.”

The United States, as a Western power, is associated with the evils wrought by British imperialism, and the myth of American imperialism is being sedulously fostered by leftist agitators throughout Asia. For this reason, as well as the reason of America’s use of the A bomb over Asia, there is a great fear of the United States in Asia.

Certainly our terrible record of blundering in Asia is not one to inspire confidence—the artificial boundary at the 38th Parallel in Korea—an arrangement that invited aggression from the North; the turning over of the Japanese Kuriles and half of Sakholm Islands to Soviet Russia; the arrangement whereby Soviet troops could loot Mukden and the productive areas of Manchuria, without which the Nationalist Government of China could not base any sound recovery program. All these indicate that while we may be strong in weapons, we are not strong in principle or in wisdom. Why should Asians trust our leadership in the face of such a series of debacles?

These debacles were in essence, moral debacles, as were our decisions in regard to Eastern Europe, to the division of Germany and mass expulsions. So in Asia and in Europe there are groups who fear us almost as much as they fear the Russians. It is something we in America are almost constitutionally incapable of grasping.

We Christians cannot exorcise the very evident evils of the neutralist position by deploring it, and by allowing our governments to dragoon our consciences into assenting to political decisions that are patently immoral. The Christian has shown too much of a tendency to abstract himself from the immediate temporal needs of society in his involvement with eschatological concerns. If there is going to be any clarification of the present global predicament, from which moral considerations are being steadily driven further away, some Christians must passionately involve and commit themselves to national and international problems to help throw light on, and resolve, a continuing crisis caused chiefly by their absence from these affairs.

book reviews

NEGLECTED SAINTS

by E. I. Watkin, Sheed & Ward, \$3.50

The first thing E. I. Watkin's new book does, before we have even read it, is make us aware that there *are* such persons—the overlooked saintly ones—and that it might be a good thing to go hunting for them. The ones he has discovered on this safari are not those we neglect through lack of knowledge—the martyrs of Roman times, for instance—but later saints, individuals all, whose histories have only to be brushed off after their long sojourn in the dust. In addition, there are several whom we thought we had with us all along, only to be told that we had been treating with impostors and that the real saints were elsewhere. One such is Martin of Tours, who, Mr. Watkin says, really should be known for more than that he gave half his cloak to a beggar.

Follow this stimulating explorer as he picks his way through the underbrush of hagiography. You will encounter such unfamiliar and now to be cherished saints as Hugh of Lincoln, the French Carthusian who became an English bishop, tangled with kings, earned the undying devotion of a great white swan, was testy, irascible, marvelously charitable and fiercely dedicated to his charges; Blessed Jordan of Saxony, successor to St. Dominic as head of the Order of Preachers, an engaging personality whose gentleness was proverbial (he once enticed an ermine from its hole with "Come out, lovely little creature, and let us see you"); Blessed Diana D'Andalo, Jordan's well-loved sister in the Lord; Blessed John of Montmirail, a knight who became an ascetic but never lost his verve or his impetuosity; and St. Thomas of Villanueva, a 16th century Spanish bishop famed for his charity to the poor, a model of episcopal integrity.

Mr. Watkin is one writer who never feels the need to enamel the image or add perfume to the odor of sanctity. Saints, he tells us throughout, and in a postscript of great perspicacity, have their defects, weaknesses and blind spots, and they are to be venerated for having fought clear of domination by their own human inadequacies, not for never having been afflicted with any. They are wonders of the dynamics between grace and the assenting will, not ready-made models of all the virtues (one might say that there are different saints just because there are different virtues which no individual can possess in equal degree) nor miracle-working automatons.

In the same chapter he sets forth the difficulties that beset the writer on sanctity: chief among them is the problem of making the

mind fashioned by modern ways of thought—not necessarily atheistic ones—accept the nature and person of a saint as existing within the mainstream of human development and contributing mightily to it. The only way to do it, he says, is to carve away some of the excesses of past biographers and take a good long new look at the essentials that remain. Before they dive to their typewriters, authors with contracts for biographies or studies of the saints would do well to sharpen their own knives. And read this book.

Richard Gilman

MINDS AND MACHINES

by W. Sluckin, Penguin Books (paper) 50¢

To the four insults to man from the theories of Galileo, Marx, Darwin and Freud must now be added a fifth. Man, now a cosmic speck, an economic digit, a high-type ape, an irrational impulse, has been demoted again to a peculiarly shaped electronic machine. Intellect and will have evolved into feedback and homeostasis. Everything can be explained by the communication system by which the inside is continually informed as to what goes on outside, and by the homeostat which keeps the organism in equilibrium.

So much may be gathered from Mr. Sluckin's book, although he continually backs away from his many statements which are startling to a Christian and a Thomist. Mr. Sluckin is a native of Poland who now teaches in England. As an engineer he explains the operation of the electronic calculators, the mechanical "brains" and the maze-running mechanical mice.

As a psychologist he explains the operation of the human nervous system. It is when he compounds these two sciences into a dangerous knowledge of the assumed parallels, when he dons the mantle of philosophy, that a Thomist would toss his theories into a pile with the science fiction pocket books.

Some examples: "... the clear cut dividing line between the living and the inanimate no longer exists."

"Reasoning is a mechanical process."

"By implication though not explicitly the answer is supplied (by the use of cybernetic models) to the whole system of philosophical disputes over the nature of causation, substance, consciousness, volition etc."

This modern alchemist could have saved himself a lot of trouble with the simple conclusion that however wonderfully constructed and complicated these machines, they do not show any self-motion, which is one indication of life.

This book is superficial but its subject is very weighty and one which demands a lot of study by Christian philosophers. There is the problem of science and technology establishing themselves, as McLuhan expresses it, in the citadel of human cognition. There is the problem of the power given by technology to the new art of manipulation, with men as the material. There is the problem of automation.

Mr. Sluckin's book brings these problems to mind but it sheds little light on them. As Dr. Karl Stern says: "... when logical positivists and dialectical materialists deal with psychology they have a preference for Pavlov or for behaviourism. There is no danger that the Holy Ghost will ever dwell in a machine." *John C. Hicks*

CHRISTIANITY IS REVOLUTIONARY

by Maurice Fraigneux, translated by Emma Craufurd, Newman, \$2.75

Maurice Fraigneux has written an interesting book but not a great one. His thesis is that the Church has to break away from the bourgeois spirit that holds it captive. It must remember that obedience to the Spirit of the Gospel entails first and foremost the acceptance of utter detachment and poverty. A Christianity free from all contact with money and everything that goes with it would be ripe for the necessary revolution.

He states this in his final chapter. It is good that he does, for otherwise it might be impossible to figure out why the 164 pages had been written. Unfortunately in reading along it is hard to tell just where one is going. Prophets of the Old Testament and saints of the New are very interestingly analyzed, some with brilliant insight (for example his treatment of St. Augustine). However, the analysis is like that a scientist does in trying to find a common factor in each of several groups of related data without knowing what it will be. It may be flattering that the author feels we can solve the mystery but the book would be more intelligible if the thesis were stated at the outset.

As this is not done, we have a good introduction to the study of the Prophets and the wisdom literature of the Old Testament. We are given a summary of the lives and works of Sts. Paul, Augustine, Dominic, Francis, Ignatius and Teresa that is well worth reading. But we have these without any clear connection with the author's thesis and without, what is even more important, any inspirational value that would lead us to exclaim with St. Augustine "*cur non ego*" "why not me too" and set us off to be the revolutionists that re-Christianization of our modern world would demand.

Robert P. Kennedy

THE MISSION OF ST. CATHERINE

by Martin S. Gillet, O.P., Herder, \$3.95

If there is one saint who might be singled out as a model for the modern lay apostle—especially the virgin in the world—it is St. Catherine of Siena. There is scarcely an area of sanctity that her life did not penetrate. Contemplative, mystic, doctor of the Church, her activities ranged from the lowliest menial services to the counseling of the loftiest political figures of her time. Nevertheless, in spite of the astounding variety and fecundity of her vocation, it is difficult for most moderns to feel a sense of intimacy with her, for she seems to be set apart by a thick haze of almost incredible mystical phenomena. The visions, the miracles, the drastic disciplines, the stigmata, the ecstatic raptures, the visible radiance of her spirit and its unequivocal impact upon everyone who came near her, all of these things are stumbling-blocks to our "intellectual myopia and our moral mediocrity."

In *The Mission of St. Catherine* Archbishop Gillet dedicates himself to the task of making St. Catherine better understood in the world and more closely emulated in the Dominican family. He deplors those hagiographies written in an uncritical spirit which too often sacrifice truth for the sake of edification or sensationalism. But he condemns still more strongly the modern historian who attempts to evaluate a saint's life from a purely human point of view, or who, without denying the supernatural, plays it down to the point where the strenuous asceticism and sacrifice of self become meaningless.

This author's work is a skillful combination of analysis and synthesis. He begins by reconstructing the milieu in which Catherine lived her early life and later the tumultuous Italy of the fourteenth century. Against this background he traces vividly the steady development of her Dominican apostolate. He proceeds to expound her doctrine of love, giving illuminating extracts from her *Dialogue* and her letters, and pointing out repeatedly that her doctrine was given her by God Himself through the fire of her contemplation. Archbishop Gillet then sets out to give his readers an insight into her contemplative life and the Divine Source in which it was rooted. This is a heroic venture, and the difficulty of the author's task deserves his readers' close attention and cooperation. His final chapter deals with the *Contemplata alii tradere*—the overflowing of the fruits of Catherine's mysticism into her tremendous apostolate.

This profound and scholarly study is unfortunately marred by one or two passages in which the author allows himself to be carried away by his subject, resorting to exclamatory outbursts which weaken, rather than strengthen, his argument. St. Catherine's rapturous superlatives

are fitting; she is seeking to put into words an ineffable personal experience. When a third party, however, attempts to lead the uninitiate on an invasion of such sublime heights it is imperative that he keep his balance between them, or he risks the loss of his followers. There are also a few spots where the translator, whose painstaking work is to be commended, lapses into archaic phraseology that might have been avoided.

In the face of the fact that Archbishop Gillet does, on the whole, succeed in accomplishing a daring and delicate objective, the mention of these surface defects seems a gross impertinence. They are touched upon only because some readers may find them disturbing. They are minor flaws on a lens focused with great precision on a light of dazzling radiance, and if the reader can overlook them he will be drawn into an invaluable experience.

Elaine Malley

WHAT THEY ASK ABOUT MARRIAGE

by Monsignor J. D. Conway, Fides, \$3.75

Question Boxes always make interesting reading; books about marriage, judging from the number published recently, have wide appeal. When a question and answer book on the problems of love, courtship and marriage appears such as *What They Ask about Marriage*, it should find a very large audience.

Monsignor Conway of the *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa is very well equipped to write this book. A judge of the Diocesan Marriage Court and director of the Catholic Student Center of the University of Iowa, he combines strong and unyielding doctrine with a very evident understanding of the problem and sympathy for those involved. There are so many perplexing situations encountered in the modern American marriage—mixed religion, birth control, and rhythm, separation and divorce—that the author devotes much of the book to them. However he also has an excellent section on the problems of the preliminaries of marriage—modesty and chastity in courtship, love versus infatuation. I especially liked his realistic appraisal of the dating situation with its hazards and advantages for teen-agers. It is obvious he is used to working with young people.

Read through, the book becomes a concise and interesting marriage course, although there are a few duplications in the questions. However it will probably be more widely used as a reference book when you have a friend who has a friend whose brother wants to marry a girl who was married during the war and you all want to know the answer!

Cecelia J. Gregory

THE EUCHARIST-SACRIFICE

by Rev. Francis J. Wengier, Bruce, \$5.00

The idea of sacrifice is strangely missing from our secular culture today. This is reasonable when one reflects that the new paganism has man as the end of man. For such a "religion," no sacrifice is required. Therefore we can be comfortable. Our separated brethren seem to have lost sight, almost entirely, of man's radical religious necessity in their worship of God. Steeped in the new pagan culture, we also have imperceptibly absorbed this element with the result that, while the faith of the Church is unchanged, the practical faith of the average Catholic is sadly diluted. It lacks vigor. We do not realize the *practical* necessity of sacrifice. The debility of our apostolic action in the United States today stems from the fact that sacrifice is not integrated into our personal and parish lives. Not realizing "Mass" as the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the God-Man, the heart of our faith has grown cold and we have ceased to carry the principle of sacrifice over into our own personal lives. Because we fail to discern the *sacrifice* of the Victim Who loved us and gave Himself for us, we have forgotten that the only food on which Love feeds, grows, and operates is self-sacrifice.

The need of a book which would recall this to mind is obvious. *The Eucharist-Sacrifice*, 280 pages of theology on the sacrifice of the Mass according to the mind of Maurice de la Taille, S.J., may well fill this need for those with sufficient training and a bent for the niceties of scientific theology. It is not a work calculated to raise a ready-made fever of devotion, for it must be as assiduously meditated as de la Taille's *Mysterium Fidei*. The latter, Father Wengier feels, "should be in the hands of every intelligent Catholic as a manual of daily meditation." It is difficult to agree, unless we were to limit severely our interpretation of "intelligent Catholic." Both *Mysterium* and *The Eucharist-Sacrifice* are fairly technical so that even priests who have been away from their books would need a brush-up in terminology.

The thoughtful pages on the secondary offerers and the fruits of the Mass will bear much priestly meditation and will serve to convince the priest anew that his own charity is the element of greatest importance in his offering. And, in recalling to mind the essence of the Mass as the Oblation of the Victim immolated on Calvary, *The Eucharist-Sacrifice* may urge on him the necessity of preaching this doctrine. Inspired by the Love with which the Victim gave Himself in the Agony of Golgotha, we too may run in His steps to the spreading of His Kingdom. That Kingdom springs from earth washed with the Blood of Christ and His members. And blood is shed by sacrifice.

Joseph E. Norton

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CROSS

by Hilda Graef, Newman, \$3.50

It has been but a few short years that we in America were introduced to Edith Stein. An indication of the rapidity with which her hitherto little-known life and work is spreading can be evidenced by the fact that on August 6 the first public Mass, commemorating the thirteenth anniversary of her martyrdom, will be celebrated in New York under the sponsorship of the Edith Stein Guild for Jewish Converts. The present author's treatment of her life extends beyond the biographical aspects, providing us with a penetrating study of her spirituality, philosophy and mystical theology. Miss Graef has used every avenue of reference to her, with the result that previously unpublished material and unknown incidents as related by personal contacts help to create a realistic and dynamic portrayal of a most unusual and gifted woman.

The Day of Atonement 1891 marked the day of Edith's birth. From her earliest years, Edith was recognized as an especially gifted child and one strongly attracted to intellectual work. At twenty she was already delving into philosophy, associating with such outstanding German philosophers as Max Scheler, Adolf Reinach, and Edmund Husserl. In 1916 the latter requested her to serve as his assistant which offer she eagerly accepted.

Through the years in her pursuit of Truth she advanced from her acknowledged role of atheist, and abandoned the agnostic paganism of contemporary German philosophy to become a very devout and staunch Catholic. An "accidental" reading of the life of St. Teresa was instrumental in this cataclysmic decision which automatically caused her much suffering and misunderstanding by friends and family, particularly her mother whom she loved dearly. To live a completely Christian life meant for her immediate entrance into Carmel. However, this desire remained unfulfilled for over a decade in which she was occupied in an intensive round of teaching, translating and lecturing.

With the advent of Hitler's full control of Germany in 1933, Edith's public career was abruptly and forcibly terminated, permitting, at long last, her admittance to Carmel in October of that year.

Events moved quickly once the Nazis had seized power. Not even the members of an enclosed cloister were immune and at length the authorities learned of Sister Benedicta's Jewish ancestry. In an effort to save her, she was smuggled to a Carmelite foundation in Holland. This attempt proved to be but a temporary reprieve as they traced her whereabouts, took her prisoner and sent her to the gas chambers at Auschwitz. She died August 9, 1942, a willing martyr for her people.

Hilda Graef is an author who has been generous but not burden-

some in the use of quotations. This is the path by which she leads us to discover the wonderful genius and magnanimity of Edith Stein.

Keenly aware of the role of modern woman and her problems she offered solace and hope to so many engaged in soulless work when she explained, "One may even say that precisely here, where everyone is in danger of becoming a piece of the machine, the development of the specifically feminine can become a beneficial counter-influence. In the soul of a man who knows that help and sympathy are awaiting him at his place of work, much will be kept alive or aroused that would otherwise be dwarfed." She was an advocate of education for women, and called for the restoration of a sound spiritual life.

In a short treatise entitled, *Inner Life and External Form and Action*, we glimpse a reflection of Edith Stein's own spiritual life. "Therefore it is inadmissible to oppose, as 'subjective' piety, the interior prayer free from traditional forms to the Liturgy as the 'objective prayer' of the Church. Every *genuine* prayer is prayer of the Church: *through* every genuine prayer something *happens* in the Church, and it is the Church herself who prays in it, for it is the Holy Ghost living in her, who in every individual soul 'asketh for us with unspeakable groanings' . . . What is the prayer of the Church if not the self-giving of the great lovers to the God who is Love?"

Katherine E. Weber

OUR LADY SPEAKS

by Leon Bonnet, trans. by Leonard J. Doyle,
a Grail Publication, \$3.00

This book offers an original approach to the personality of Our Lady. Père Bonnet uses the literary device of having Our Blessed Mother utter her thoughts on the titles given her in her litany. Each chapter is a separate meditation addressed directly to the reader.

Some will be repelled by the very notion of having the Blessed Virgin speak of herself. If this hurdle is surmounted the reader will find much solid Marian theology culled from Scripture, the writings of saints and the statements of the Popes. Thus, though the device is imaginative, the contents of the meditations are no mere flights of fancy on Father Bonnet's part. To many this approach may prove to be a vivid and helpful way to absorb the Church's teachings on Our Lady.

A good many of the talks are filled with exhortations and the application of Our Lady's life and problems to our own. These amount to very solid spiritual advice and if taken to heart would certainly lead to a fruitful deepening of our own spiritual life.

Margaret A. Heizmann

BOOK NOTES

Essays in Christian Unity, by Henry St. John, O.P., (a convert from the Church of England), are balanced, wise articles, imbued with charity and patient zeal, on various ecumenical topics, now collected and published by Newman (\$3.00). While many of Father St. John's articles are concerned principally with the Anglican Church and do not apply particularly to Protestant Churches in this country, the general spirit behind them is valid for America as well as for England. The writer reminds Catholics that "One of the chief causes of prejudice against us is the charge that we are arrogant, or smugly complacent, and will never admit that our Catholicism has anything to repent of or reform. We tend to rely so much on the divine constitution and guidance of the Church that we forget that in spite of these gifts it is still made up of very fallible human beings. If we are really honest, we must own with shame to our frequent failure to present the faith to the world in its full truth and attractiveness; failure which has been the cause of heresy and schisms in the past, and still sometimes contributes to their perpetuation now."

The Changing American Market by the Editors of *Fortune* (Harcourt House, \$4.50) is an exceedingly interesting survey of the income, buying habits and way of living of Americans that was undoubtedly calculated to be of immense help to businessmen and advertisers in getting the correct pitch. But it should be of genuine service to all those who are interested in the Christian reform of the social order. If there were more awareness of the facts presented here (that most Americans are members of the rising middle-income class, capable of buying endless luxuries; that the increase in home ownership has been such that a growing majority of Americans now own their own homes; that \$30 billion are spent annually for "fun"); there might be fewer of those wasted talks by eager lay apostles addressing unresponsive young people as if they were French proletariat, suffering from miserable exploitation. Learning what the problems are *not* might free all of us reformers to work to solve the problems that are.

The Mind of Pius XII, edited by Robert C. Pollock (Crown Publishers, \$3.50) is an anthology of the writings and addresses of our Holy Father, collected under various headings: science, technology, medicine, peace, and so on. While this book provides a handy reference to pithy sayings by the Pope on particular topics, it is on the whole disappointing, since it does not give enough of any one address or pontifical statement to give the serious reader sufficient information, background or understanding of papal thought.

D. D.

BACK ISSUES, continued:

RETREAT FROM REALITY. People do it in a number of ways. N. A. Krause writes about how women do it through the ladies' magazines.

THE RAIN-MAKERS has a rather misleading title. For this issue also contains articles on psychiatry, the servant problem, and the N.A.M.I.

ONE WORLD. Food for thought for advocates of world government as well as for isolationists. It contains—surprisingly enough—an article on **Detachment**.

COMMUNISM. A penetrating analysis of the **real** reason we should fight communism. Articles by Charles de Koninck, Marion Mitchell Hancock.

OVERPOPULATION. Are there too many people in the world, and has Margaret Sanger the only answer for Asia's teeming millions? An issue to help you face these questions.

All the issues listed above are available at 25 cents each. **INTEGRITY** also publishes three 64-page reprints, priced at 50 cents:

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MEN. Women already know what's wrong with men (as well as what is right with them) but men better read this issue and find out.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Are Catholic schools failing to prepare their graduates for life? What is the role of parents in vocational guidance? Four articles in this issue and a beautiful satire on employment agencies.

WAR AND PEACE. A pacific issue that aroused a lot of controversy. Articles on the pros and cons of pacifism, and on the Pax Christi movement.

RESTORING ALL THINGS. Christ needs to live again in work, recreation, the field of psychology, etc. Charleen Schwartz writes on **Jung and Freud**.

CREATIVE ACTIVITY. Modern life stunts most people's creativity. Caryll Houselander, Gerald Vann, O.P., and John Hicks discuss this situation.

MISSIONS. The role of lay people in missionary countries is analyzed in detail. This issue is especially attractive for its photographs of native missionary art.

DIVORCE. Can A Catholic Get Divorced?, **Spirituality for the Divorced**, **An Alcoholic Husband**—some of the articles in this issue.

MAKING OF THE HOME. An issue for newly-weds and old married folk, and for those who think marriage is for them.

CHANNELS OF GRACE. Noteworthy for an article on the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld. Also one on Family Service.

HOPE AND DESPAIR. Peter Michael discusses the difference between hope and optimism. Dr. John W. also contributes to the issue.

CULT OF THE COMMON MAN. A searching analysis by Aurel Kolos of the dangers of egalitarianism. An issue for thinkers.

APOSTOLATE IN PRINT. This includes Ed Willock's article on the **Facts of Life** (the magazine).

THE PARISH. A stimulating issue discussing the background, difficulties and dilemmas of the American parish. Articles by Denis Geaney, Peter Canon, Eva Maria Kallir, Jerem O'Sullivan-Barra.